

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

*Pol.* Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extacy of loue,  
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,  
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings  
As oft as any passions vnder heauen  
That dooes afflēt our natures: I am sorry,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

*Ophe.* No my good Lord, but as you did commaund  
I did repell his letters: and denied  
His accessse to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement  
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle  
And meant to wraeke thee, but bestrow my Ielousie:  
By heauen it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,  
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue  
More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,  
Come.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish.* Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and  
Gyldesterne.

*King.* Welcome deere Rosencraus and Gyldesterne,  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke  
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard  
Of Hamlets transformation so call it,  
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was, what it should be,  
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,  
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe  
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,  
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,  
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau'r,  
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time, so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

*Prince of Denma*

So much as from occasion you  
Whether ought to vs vnknowne  
That opend lies within our rem

*Quee.* Good gentlemen, he  
And I se I am, women there a  
To whome he more adheres, if  
To shew vs so much gentry an  
As to extend your time with vs  
For the supply and profit of our  
Your visitation shal receiue su  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the soueraigne pow  
Put your dread pleasures mor  
Then to intreaty.

*Gyl.* But we both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues in  
To lay our seruice free'y at yo

*King.* Thanks Rosencraus

*Quee.* Thanks Gyldesterne  
And I beseech you instantly to  
My too much changed sonnes

And bring these gentlemen w

*Gyl.* Heauens make our  
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

*Quee.* I Amen.

*Enter*

*Pol.* Th'embassadors from  
Are ioyfully returnd.

*King.* Thou still hast been

*Pol.* Haue I my Lord? I at  
I hold my duty as I hold my  
Both to my God, and to my  
And I doe thinke, or else this  
Hunts not the trayle of polic  
As it hath vsd to doe, that I  
The very cause of Hamlets lun

*King.* O speake of that, th